



A

RECORD OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851;

A POEM

BY THOMAS COLSEY.



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RECORD

: EXHIBITION OF 1821.

A POEM

BY MONTGOMERY COLLIER

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INTRODUCTION.

Some mad poets stop to muse

About the moonlight and the dews,

The fairies, and the fawns :

They are apt to think, and apt to swear,

That poems are made anywhere,

But some are made of groves and lawns.

Some are made about the far off murmur of the sea,

Others are written beneath a hoary tree.

Some write of the dawning of the day,

Some of the smell of new mown hay ;

Yes, and others of the creaking of the crooks,

With the babbling of the brooks,

With the lowing of the cows and heifers,

And the whispers of the winds and zephyrs.

Some about the month of June,

When every Cockney cleans his gun,

When poacher's tell enormous lies,

And of game that's pretty sure to rise.

I wander from this drowsy est,

To something more picturesque :

I at last write of things more rare,

Of the Exhibition—the World's Great Fair,

Which at a season a prophet foretold,

That a great Crystal Palace we may in time behold ;

That by a Prince it may be invented,

All Nations to hold it should be intended.

Prince Albert was ever making friends with all Nations,

Relating to his Ministers, and noble his intentions ;

The news it went around the world,

And many sought to be the heralds

Of inviting the world to exhibit their wisdom,

And it all came under Prince Albert's decision.

Paxton laid in a plan, and he prov'd himself the man,
Let any say aught against it who can.
And in it idle I have not been,
But a sojourner in its many scenes ;
There picked up wisdom in my way,
And heed not what I had to pay;
Smiling with approbation all the while,
As all who viewed it approv'd and smiled.
For I have learnt that poetry is not
Combined to any hour or spot,
But combining foolish rhymes together,
And killing sorrow like shoe leather.
My rhymes are of the Exhibition,
Hoping it may prove a little edition.
It was work infinite—work immense !
There wisdom passed our knowledge !
Languages were lost in wonders so immense !
All these praised Paxton for his knowledge.
Those who view Paxton aright,
Visited it by the Exhibition's sight ;
For the gay beams of glass by day,
Gilded to float on nation's gay.
Prince Albert attended it to see,
How long, how deep, how zealously,
So faithful to his right good will,
Did all their task of duty fill ;
Paxton being the cleverest architect.
And no eye could a fault detect ;
It was began on New Year's day,
And ready on the first of May.
The building being began and ended,
The Nations all then it attended :
Five months the Exhibition was in building,
Which when completed, soon began filling.

HER MAJESTY OPENING THE EXHIBITION.

It was a May morning, and the bright sun shone,
 Seeming to know, as usual, the Queen had come
 The Exhibition to open—Her Majesty came in array,
 The people too came blithely vested for a holiday.
 Numbers of ships on old Father Thames did lay,
 With Foreigners coming over in honour of the day,
 And quick on every side were busy fleet
 Bands of sight see'rs in the street,
 Eagerly thronging, passing to and fro ;
 And even and anon, apart and low,
 Was heard of melody's loud flow of the trumpets.
 Numbers of carriages for masque or show,
 And dames and maidens over casements bent,
 And men their work to the Exhibition sent.
 The gay numbers were thronging every square,
 And vehicles did heavy loads of people on them bear,
 All for the day a round of pleasure led,
 The Guards attended there in softer tread.
 Who saw the Exhibition on this joyous morn ? Who ?
 Those who saw the Queen, for she came too,
 Her children with her, whose looks were
 Such as ladies love to see.
 Her Majesty's speech, the mirror of all courtesy,
 Of her best nobles many were well there,
 Princes and Princesses in beauty all pre-eminent were.
 These are her children, I mean,
 Drest like the rural landscape green,
 With a blush like the rose, and with their bright eye,
 Clear as the morning-ting'd like sky.
 There was the Duke of Wellington, that brave heart,
 And the Marquis of Anglesea, he took a part :
 The Duke is the courtliest in the proudest hall,
 Yes, indeed, he is thought the one of all.

Knights were in attendance, with golden wands,
The Chinese Manderin too in graces grand,
Did before Victoria in homage stand.
Architect, contractor, all heralds were there,
The Archbishop of Canterbury read the opening prayer ;
The organs in loud peals they rang,
The choir too their hymns they sang.
It was on this fine May day.
Our Queen she was the Queen of May ;
O happy, good, and stately Queen,
The rarest object in the palace seen,
Never before did such a landscape glow,
From Prince Albert its first effusion did flow ;
Our Queen in brightest rainbow drest,
Adorned the Exhibition crest.
Prince Albert was like to King Solomon in story,
Her Majesty as the Queen of Sheba came to see the glory.
Prince Albert is an immeasurable friend,
He held a lamp for wisdom's end,
In every age and through every page,
He amended and entertained the age.
Come then, all Nations, give him praise,
A song of praise to Prince Albert raise,
And to his Lords and Peers wherever they be,
As the Exhibition was from all evil free.
And all eyes were bright, at the glorious sight,
And quality wondered too, as well they might,
Because it was a glorious one, binding Nation's all,
In one friendly chain—one friendly call.
United may England stand in heart and in hand,
With every Nation and every Land.
As now we stand in one friendly chain,
Then let all people and all Nations threaten in vain,
For Briton's ne'er shall yield,
While a hand a sword can wield ;
Valiant sons of freedom's land,

Ardent, firm, devoted band,
 They mount the pinions of renown,
 The Duke of Wellington to crown ;
 Heroes to his combat fly,
 He will conquer or will die.
 We emulate the brightest fame,
 For England she has gain'd a name
 By the Duke of Wellington's great fame.
 His military plans concept, no ills,
 And with the Marquis of Anglesea's great skills,
 Did in Waterloo's battle fulfil,
 And all brave soldiers by their will,
 Brought the laurel's wreath of victory.

THE OBJECTS IN THE EXHIBITION.

All gaze in wonder to adore,
 The Exhibition objects evermore,
 It was a scene when triumph rides,
 There was spear, and sword, and javelin that guides.
 Creation's wonders to explore,
 Collecting wonders of every shore,
 It was like a new created globe,
 For in it was every kind of robe.
 There was a diamond of lovely bright,
 Glittering in the azure night,
 Shedding over the walk its silver ray,
 While round the Palace we did all stray ;
 It was a most glorious sight,
 That an Indian chief could not save by his might,
 So it is our Queen's by right,
 Let Her Majesty wear it when she likes ;
 She may wear it in courts and ray,
 And when she strikes the harp to play,
 And as the glowing themes pursued,
 The diamond to her youthful children be renewed,

When it is in company's mirth,
It's a relic of the Exhibition's worth.
Let Her Majesty wear it when she's at the play,
And her children when they are gray,
When the Exhibition has no stay.
And the iron turned to clay ;
And all the glass is melted away.
Let them wear it then, I say,
In England's crown then let it stay ;
For we are the conquerors let empire's own,
And realms and Monarchs bow before our throne.
Hail, England ! land of dearer birth,
Pride of the sea—pride of the earth ;
The sacred world in which new objects dwell,
Whose sons in wisdom do all nations excell,
In classic elegance and arts supreme,
To rival all the world thou dost deem.
How taste and fancy in thee do lie,
And rich cloth and velvet tinged like the sky ;
We mount in radiant car sublime,
What will England do in course of time.
Yes, Britain ! to thee has fate been good,
Prussian gold mines like California stood ;
The gems that Austria and Bengal boast,
And all the wealth of China's coast.
For the Exhibition some Parian marble brightly shine,
And Portugal nurtured the blushing vine,
With their other works they brightly shine.
For the Exhibition good silks were made,
And things to brighten life's dark shade,
Such soft enchantments for awhile,
Around her Queen and all did smile ;
Should such illusions melt away,
That heaven-like vision why decay.
There was stained glass and memorials,
Of those whose names will last like emeralds ;

O yes, stranger, come, and look for here,
The designs to give wisdom most clear.
In it I have spent many happy hours,
Under its majestic trees and bowers,
There sheltered from many heavy showers,
Our Queen has many hours in it spent,
The French their rich perfume to it they lent.
All Nations from realms well known,
Come to bend before Victoria's throne,
To exhibit their works sublime,
And to show the wonders of every clime.
Like Italy's nature bounteous hand,
France most courtly did spread her blooming stores ;
Prussia's profusion pours over all the land ;
America's unclouded sons many ancient things restored ;
Spain too brought many things for us to muse ;
Sicily did many things diffuse ;
Switzerland too poured her wild musical strain ;
Austria in all her wisdom like did reign.
Bengal's work in the midst was flowing ;
Bombay too like a cock was crowing ;
China mighty with the tamarinds spread ;
Denmark had many things for us to read ;
England had many banners o'er its head ;
And Flanders was not in any objects dead.
Genoa, her sweet ambrossial flowers
Did bring, and mix them all with ours ;
Portugal, its cilson juices refreshed our lips ;
Turkey's cocoa nectar in the refreshment room I did sip ;
Rome for elegance and taste ;
Venice was looked upon in many lights ;
Spain for their works wanted many rights ;
Holland amidst the Foreign rays,
And Africa did many sing its praise.
In scenes like these, the young poetic mind,
Surely may count the scenes of such things inclined.

For visions of wisdom in loveliest lines arranged,
Fair scenes of work by fancy's hand pourtrayed,
Shall it with false illusions smile,
Did its flattering promise enchant but awhile.
Will no bright words the departed scene restore,
Will such a vision charm us any more ;
Then while in earthly footsteps few
We shall such lovely objects again review.
When fondly roving in the park,
Oft there I will its name remark,
And pause, recalling times and hours,
When the Exhibition once was ours.
Yes 'twas a time, who did their works refine ?
And every one did seek to shine,
All listen to the pleasing sound,
Of all the dashing scenes around ;
Yea, curtains hanging blue and red,
Hanging over the fine pearl bed ;
There the chandeliers hung their head,
Over many long tables even spread.
Yes, the lace its silver riches shed,
The china its amber golden shades,
With the papier Maché golden gilds,
Tempting the miser to spend his hoard,
As well as the fine and stately lord ;
And all our money did invite
All Nations, people gave their mite,
To see this rural landscape and the prospect fair,
With the sights and lights that banish care.
That splendid vision ought ever to remain,
And spread her garland over path and plain.
It sooth'd the poet in his sensive hours,
For him shall fancy call so many flowers,
For him shall memory shed her pensive ray,
Over the soft hours of the Exhibition's may ;
For it began in the glowing flower of spring,

And its end the autumn thus did bring ;
To its fading charm people bade a soft farewell,
Distilling the sweet romantic dell ;
And sweet as it was in goodly array,
It was far too sweet to melt away.
To decide, dear friends, it is your lot,
Whether the building remains or not.
Let the truth but appear, and you'll say it ought,
So the verdict is yours, whether I'm right or not.
For as the Nation was in debt progressing,
The Exhibition proved a national blessing.
What strange things occur, some white some black,
The Exhibition was a matter of fact ;
For there was nothing then to lack,
For there was even there a sack.
But I did not see there a clothes mangle,
But lots of irons for to handle ;
Neither was there any wheelbarrow cases,
But plenty there with dirty faces.
Some hanging down were their shoe-laces,
Which made them look full of disgraces.
There even scullions that wear the reddest faces,
And curates that say the shortest graces ;
And the Chancellor too, they say,
That goes to point the nearest way,
There was even there half a million,
Whose legs have never crossed a pillion,
Whose hands have never drest a salad,
Whose lips have never sung a ballad.
Some who joined in many a modern dance,
Breeding pretty subjects for romance ;
Many that attended concerts and its springs,
That have broken lover's hearts as well as fiddle strings ;
In short, I'm very sure that all,
Who seek or sigh for beauty's thrall,
May say their prayers and feed their passion,

And whisk and waltzing keep in fashion ;
And those who make the most enchanting sonnets,
In spite of diamonds and French bonnets.
Many a baker, who bakes his bread,
And many a dressmaker, with her needles thread.
I saw there a spring bed,
For to raise the sleepy head,
Also a coffin for the dead.
Can any one harbour a doubt in his breast,
But a great many there even wanting some rest.
There were shoemakers and tailors not a few,
Fishmongers, old clothesmen, and many a Jew ;
And many were there too, who in their face was seen,
That they came from the country, and look'd very green.
There was Old Hammer, the blacksmith, with his fire-
proof front,
And old John Bull there who looked very blunt ;
Moses and Sons were there, with catalogues cheap,
And handkerchiefs were found too, all of a heap ;
There was the barber, who curls hair and scrapes the chin,
And washerwomen who are rather fond of gin ;
There were farmers, who it was most clear,
Some with more, and some with fifty pounds a year.
There were men of consequence, no doubt,
Amongst all the people round about ;
There were grocers, and cheesemen, with faces pale,
That can sing a good song and drink their ale ;
There were people of another mould,
That in the market are bought and sold ;
There were Americans there, who guessed it look'd slick,
And many who wanted to play us a trick ;
There were many who had often been in a balloon,
And some with their faces looking big as the moon ;
But you must not reflect on the wonderful change,
In my poetical proceedings you'll think me strange,
These characters I shall let silent remain,

Until I begin to write of them again.
Inclining now to objects I before stated,
And the rest of them shall now be related ;
A model of Her Majesty and Prince Albert stood,
And a cradle carved in wood flowers, and birds upon it
 stood ;
There was even coal, a lump, which many take,
And for the fire they it break ;
Granite, marble, and some stone,
Music of all kinds and tone ;
Mineral substances, and some bone,
And drugs which from the earth are grown ;
Bronzes too, with ivory and pearl,
And caps and bonnets too when under seal ;
Bricks, and mortar, and alabaster,
And chemical preparations in a castor ;
With colours that makes so many dyes,
Paste cutters too, to ornament the pies.
Elegant, spicy, rich cakes,
And patterns of new-fashioned grates ;
Cooking apparatus, stoves,
Tea things spiey, made in cloves ;
Carriages, horses too, and harness,
With which our streets are often garnished.
Helmets, swords, and armour bright,
Guns, pistols, and rifles, for to fight ;
Knives and scissors, and all kinds of tools,
And golden pencils to make rules ;
Surgical instruments, and machines,
For drawing teeth and other means ;
And other machines the farmer needs,
And tools to plant the garden's seeds.
Bookbinding too it had its seat,
Containing works of men with character great ;
Tales of past ages they relate,
Of Kings and Queens who sat in state ;

Of mountains, rivers, and of lakes,
Scenery of landscape good and bleak.
All this in the Exhibition I trace,
Spinning worsted, woollen, and lace ;
Even weaving of alpacca,
And even samples of tobacco.
Cambric, Cana, and every kind of skin,
To make muffs, for ladies to put their hands in ;
Tapestry, with its dazzling beauty,
Outshining all the drapery,
Rich muslins, and embroidery,
All kinds of ornaments, trinkets, and hosiery.
The rush and cane it furnished baskets,
And all sorts and kinds of caskets ;
Tables, and chairs, and small wares,
And beautiful trinkets made from animal hair.
Models of animals and men imitating life,
Adam too, with Eve his wife.
Those and others who spoke long and loud,
Who are now sunk in oblivion with the silent cloud;
Those who spoke in strains sublime,
Whose names have perished in the stream of time,
Sculptors and Artists, who now in cold earth lie,
Which many when they view them sigh,
Looking life like unto our eye.
Mansions and houses, I'll venture to say,
And one in which live at one time and day.
He was a man, whose genius the stage cannot forget,
A dramatist who at one time they all did regret ;
Many works he produced, to show,
Yet some of his language was vulgar and low ;
His character ia continually in act,
And indeed all his plays are all very compact ;
In his writings he makes a monstrous to do,
Of deeds wrapt in mystery about Kings and Queens too
I find that Shakespear was fond of his pen,

And of the Exhibition I'll write again.
The Exhibition which I now court,
Was expected to furnish much matter of sport,
For as me and my mother had come up hither,
We borrowed a coach and proceeded together.
Not all the fine works of that eloquent spark,
Nor the no change given back by the clerks,
Were not half so diverting some of the people's remarks ;
With anxiety some dear creatures did express,
The fear of their money being taken from their dress.
The remarks of the people were so amusing,
That I lost a great portion of time for accusing ;
Some people appeared to be sadly confounded,
Not knowing on what some of the articles were grounded.
Now I have combined my narrative plan,
To report all that happen'd as well as I can ;
People of all Nations, and councils, even nuns,
To the rich lustre of our world's regard they come.
Like Babylon's palace, all mankind at peace appeared,
Roman Catholics too, that did the Pope regard ;
Erecting his model of the Pope's supremacy in arms,
Drest in his robes so neat his honor speechless stands,
Being the sole heir and King of Roman land.
Above, beneath, around, where're we look,
An atmosphere of mystery floats to make a book ;
Of which or either we could not decide,
Which Nation gained the name or which the pride ;
Yes, it was all mystery, from the blaze immense,
Who can recall those works so intense.
It dimmed the soft radiance of this beautiful world,
Traces of Eden, tracts of the promised land foretold,
How can I write of these great things then,
It's beyond the philosopher's most daring pen ;
Its name shall last through the clouds of time,
Its name relating throughout all age and clime.
For memory loves deeply in the heart to sit,

For in the Exhibition was brought much wit ;
Inquire if you can find a slight,
We will patiently give up our right,
England will submissively consent
If she have erred, to reproof and punishment.
Can any with frankness own a crime,
We will take better care another time,
Have any Nation been in a mistake,
Have any tried excuse to make,
Can we say that anything was wrong,
Or argue on a thing so long.
No contradiction did any Nations bear,
For all was right, we know they were.
Relating wisdom one thing by one,
Nor think of triumph when they had done ;
And thoughts within like answering music play,
So every one of us may well say
When genius fills us with her relating fires,
Like entanglements of so many wires,
And the all open feats of the world,
In our globe a heavenly magic furled.
Bringing all Nations together as it were, to cast in a trance,
Some could only read it by a glance,
In this Exhibition they may dream they see a trance.
Under glass transparent did all Nations their actions show,
Like hidden wheel-work, the heart must read and know ;
For it arose in form and beauty, grandure, and grace,
All tried the significance of it to trace.
It open'd the heart to wisdom's lightest touch,
For then man gathered wisdom very much ;
Then matter and mind may on it fight,
For it brought to some dark minds much light ;
And every thing we there behold,
Are in shop windows to be sold,
And may be bought with silver or gold,
But this is not the thing I'm told.

A shop was never seen so large.
And many bazaars it would its goods discharge;
For in size it was most immense,
All the shops in London it would quench;
For seventy thousand it did take to fill,
Then of its great work let all tongues tell.
It was like a wild new fair dream
Emerging from a mist, or like a stream
Of music, soft, that do not dispel the sleep,
But cast in happier moulds of trance so deep.
Gazed at by idle eyes, with silent soft light,
As it were a picture stole upon by inward light,
Like a tremendous wonder creeping on one's chest,
As though something heavenly touched one's breast.
And one by one, I know, from whence were brought,
All around lay beauty as new world wrought,
In works of mystery and on wonder's fancy lost.
Or charmed by elegance, as if kindled from above,
And in this scene would ponder with love.
All Nations lent a lustre to the earnest scan,
All Nations musing how the work began.
In my deep thought of mind, on knowledge philosophy,
It may have borne no other name than poesy;
But it did not come to ill like the Babel tower,
For no strife in it seemed to pour.
Though it was like to Babylon's great palace,
For in it was all kindred, tongues, and race.
It did more than equal the palace of great Tyre,
With all its proud people in their grand attire;
It had like her treasures the gorgeous merchandise,
With all the Exhibition did not prove the same sacrifice.
I saw there the kind of precious stones and spices,
And gems whose beauty asked for Monarch's prices,
Earth from all ends, all Nations to her went,
And Kings to her embassy were sent.
Ships were there, with golden prow and silken sail,

With Nelson and his ships, against him none could prevail ;
The Crystal Palace would stand for ever, and in its pride,
With strength and beauty age defy.

I looked again, I still saw much more
Of traceless things, and after them I could not soar.
I saw flowers and trees with forms well graced,
Around this Palace so many travellers paced ;
First east, then west, they turned with carions' eyes,
Then upon a catalogue, which did their wants supply ;
Again they looked on things, and then
The things they lacked they read again ;
That no mistake on things may be wrought,
All in this looked for things they sought.
Again, I saw jewels and lustres in beauty set,
And plume and pearl, and coronet.
Along the glossen scenes expand,
Was seen the banner and the band,
Which warriors hold when urging to the speed ;
The spar, the armour, and the steed,
And helmets crowned, and guns attired,
And troops like showers of falling stars.
The glorious and the graceful train,
The elegant couch of love and pain,
Candelabra and lamps which at midnight shine,
Like the stars which in solemn darkness shine ;
Lo ! like a glorious pile of diamonds bright,
Poured forth its gems of pearl and silver light ;
One mass of glassy light, the waterfall,
As the waters rise and fall, the people then drank all.
It foamed, it scattered on the emerging bound,
Of industry I hear the rattling hammers sound,
Files whizzing, creaking, echoed come,
Of the fast travelling breeze—Oh no there was none.
What dreams of beauty ever equalled this,
It was like imagery from the realms of bliss ;
No bands from any fairy lands ever sallied forth,

No snowy foliage from the abundant north.

All loveliness, all graces that allure,

Things were indeed all splendour pure ;

Shapes that amaze, a paradise that is,

Weaving arch-bowers, festoons, and trees,

Still as a dream, and like a dream to flee,

Many it will regret as well as me.

I loved when seated on the gallery's brow,

To look down on the people as on a world below,

And hear the tinkling voices sound,

With the other echoes I heard around.

Of the organ, trombone, and mellow flute,

Sometimes loud, sometimes soft and mute ;

And look along the palace thence to view,

Objects rare and small, and great too ;

To glance around, and see as t'were a thousand worlds of

light,

Too bright to look upon, dazzling to the sight.

It was deck'd with the finest things, the richest and the

rare,

Some said 'twas beautiful, some said 'twas good and fair ;

Her Majesty came often and gave it an earnest glance,

And open to all, that all might have a chance.

The alabaster relics which I before told,

Recalling dark scenes, and forgotten characters it did un-

fold ;

My hands upon the sculptured margin thrown,

I will relate of them the things I long have known,

For some were primitive in their formation,

Similitude as from the Almighty's hand at the creation ;

Some that have gone through many a weary pilgrimage,

Throughout every stage from youth to age ;

Others 'tis many thousand years since their birth,

Which at one day all will be called from earth.

Some perhaps sleep in darkness, but 'tis vain to ask,

Others in their life pursued a patient task ;

Some whose funeral pomp extended with a great train,
Kings and Monarchs who are now in dust, but once did
reign ;

Some who lie in state, cold, stiff, and stark,
Some old ancient mummies grinning in the dark.
Thus ages have rolled, since their dissolving breath,
Which wore a ghastly royalty in death ;
Some that have borne the darkness of the tower and prison,
Whose names are now lost in oblivion ;
Others that have in battle died,
And the glorious field men in their pride,
Napoleon, tco, that spark of fire,
Of that man perhaps you may enquire;
In a fine mould of beauty he was cast,
In Nature's lovely work o'erpassed,
He smiled all lightning from the storm,
But Waterloo brought on him a darken'd form,
He never had a smile so bright
As when he sought to invade England by fight.
His brow was with his hair upraised,
His hands were clenched, his look was mazed,
As we had won the battle, so he gazed,
And all his army looked and paused ;
For he made many sceptres dread and quake,
And many kings their souls he made to shake.
In all his pomp and power arrayed,
The Monarch deemed himself betrayed.
Awake, awake, then England, at any Frenchman's touch,
Because they are a nation inclined to battle much.
But to our subject we again return,
For this again must have its turn.
The Exhibition, and its objects, caused great oration,
There were large contributions, and great speculations,
For the exhibitors thought their names would spread,
And enlarge their commerce, and set up their heads,
Some sent carpets, some sent threads ;

Some sent blankets, some sent beds ;
Some sent iron, some sent brass ;
Some sent clover, and some sent grass ;
And if we rightly comprehend,
Some sent bacca, and some ropes-end ;
Some sent pepper, and some sent salt,
Some sent barley, and some sent malt ;
Some sent bonnets, some sent shawls,
Some sent umbrellas, and some parasols ;
Some sent dresses, and some sent falls,
Some sent leather, and shoemakers' awls ;
Some sent paper, some sent rugs,
Some sent physic, some sent drugs ;
Some sent bows, some sent arrows,
Some sent waggons, some wheelbarrows ;
Some sent shovels, some sent forks,
Some sent champagne, and some sent corks ;
Some sent broaches, some sent pins,
Some sent rat traps, some sent ginns ;
Some sent boxes, some sent trunks,
Some sent models of the Chinese Junk ;
Some sent coffee, some sent tea,
Some sent steam machinery ;
Some sent stuffed animals, with stuffed owls,
Some sent a machine for hatching fowls.
You will excuse us for making such foolish remarks,
For I assure you there were there some infamous sparks ;
There were some of the swell mob, determined to rob,
Some that ere rich and wealthy as Nabob.
This spoil'd a great deal of the people's pleasures,
In case the swell mob should get hold of their treasures ;
It did not cause so much matter of sport,
As people expected, and as they did report.
For when these strange people to London came in,
They thought it a place of confusion, folly, and sin ;
Some went the right way, and some twisted about,

Some said the streets were at such a distance,
 They could not be found out.
 Some landladies thought lodgers were monstrous cruel,
 And the lodgers fell out like fire and fuel ;
 Some country ladies who thought themselves modest and
 nice,
 Who heard all the filthy description of vice ;
 While some of them so lavishly paint,
 And they thought the best thing for them would be a faint.
 For these dear creatures, yes, something I feel,
 For my heart is not hard like iron or steel ;
 When I saw some surrounded by foes in a chair,
 And attacked like dogs that are bating a bear ;
 Now there is nothing more of these characters to observe,
 I say,
 The Exhibition lasted six months and a day.

CANTO THE FOURTH.

The prizes of which we shall now treat,
 The judges amongst them took their seat ;
 Some got a medal, for their works were great,
 Some of them got a very little treat ;
 Some of them were not possessed of sufficient power
 To obtain a gift, so they looked quite sour ;
 Some of them saw their schemes quite fail,
 So they packed up their traps and away they did sail.
 When some had their prizes, they took to their feet,
 And run like a postboy up Leadenhall street ;
 Some of them cleverly their work did conduct,
 For it took them some years their work to construct ;
 Some of them, unfortunately, had to lament,
 For they thought the affair a cursed event.
 And now, my dear friends, this Canto I end,
 I hope that my writing will not offend.

CANTO THE FIFTH.

The Exhibition being closed, and o'er,
 So many faces seen no more ;
 And numbers in the grave will lie,
 Before such a scene shall again pass by.
 Some of the people I did hear say,
 The exposition is done away ;
 The people's holiday and delight is o'er,
 The golden vision charms no more.
 And may its good benignly shed,
 Many a blessing on our head ;
 Shall its glory lead to pain ?
 Shall its work have been in vain ?
 Its profits ought to spread the gospel round,
 The Exposition would then be with glory crown'd.
 When the parting time was nigh,
 Then with prayer and tender sigh,
 The people then all bid farewell.
 Thus will pleasing memory on it dwell,
 And all with touching powers its glories tell ;
 Why memory recall the ever gone hours,
 That this tranquil sight once was ours.
 Why did man's rude hand molest
 The deposit of all Nation's nest ?
 Depriving this bazaar of all that it possessed.
 For while I gazed, in transport tossed,
 Its sight was gone, its glory lost.
 Though the Palace do houses in darkness shade,
 But many of us would it save ;
 Let it not fall before us in the field,
 Let us not possess the useless shield ;
 Or some will give it a mental woe,
 More than fancy scarce can know,
 But if this building falls, the patriot in his mind will feel,
 A loss no time, no day can heal.

It was not in the day of Sir Robert Peel,
 Or perhaps he would now have it shield ;
 For him our country doth repine,
 Yes, 'tis a country he once called divine.
 The ministers are now driven back to his old plan,
 And mourning over the dead—the love-lost man.
 Though once the Exposition wandered through the world,
 In sight now is from grandeur hurled ;
 And the mighty fabric perhaps will be levelled with the
 earth,
 So I have written all I could of its life and birth.
 Now the fountains no more in it rings,
 But of its wonders let all Nations tell :
 The Exhibition is over, the spell is past,
 The beautiful vision too sweet to last.

T H E E N D .

L O N D O N ;

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